PAST and PRESENT,

OR,

TIMES COMPARED:

A

SATIRE.

By the AUTHOR of

One Thouſand ſeven Hundred and Forty-five.

LONDON:

Printed for A. DODD, over againſt St. *Clement*'s Church in the *Strand*. 1746.

(Price One Shilling.)

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IN *April*, when the vernal ſkies, ſerene,
Deck flow'ry Lawns, and clothe the Trees with green:
While *Phœbus* wakes with kindly rays the Spring,
And Love provokes the feather'd Choir to ſing:
Then, to the *Mall*, walk out the *Gay* and *Fair*,
To ſhew a new undreſs, or take the air:
Ogle and ſaunter 'till the Hour to dine,
Their conſtant toil, whene'er the weather's fine.

There, catch'd by Thought, unheedful of my way,
Far from the flutt'ring croud I chanc'd to ſtray:
To pleaſing Meditation quite reſign'd,
'Till thrown, at length, a meagre *Bard* behind;
Wan with much thinking and but little eating,
His feeble voice pathetic lines repeating.
Strait melting Pity o'er my boſom ran,
And I addreſt the Phantom of a Man.

What Queſtions aſk'd, and how he anſwer'd me,
Now read in Dialogue 'twixt *A* and *B*.

A. No, wonder, Sir, your Spirits here ſhould riſe,
Where all around ſuch Objects charm our Eyes.
Theſe pleaſing Scenes may Genius well inſpire,
Add ſtrength to thought, and fancy doubly fire.
But You were muſing, and, if I am rude,
Forgive me, Sir, I wiſh not to intrude.

B. 'Tis no intruſion. In your words and mien,
Good Senſe is heard, Gentility is ſeen.
You have ſurpriz'd me in a rapt'rous glow —
'Tis almoſt all the happineſs I know:
Who, Verſe to frame, or fav'rite lines repeat,
Walk often here for want of where to eat:
In mem'ry trace the woes by others known,
And in lamenting theirs forget my own:
An honeſt Artifice; with which, a Man
May guiltleſs cheat misfortune if he can.

A. Believe me, Sir, your ſuff'rings nearly touch;
Can Worth and Wiſdom want a Friend ſo much?
A right to Favour *Genius* ſure may plead,
Then urge your claim, and, doubtleſs, you'll ſucceed.

B. However honour'd, Sir, in ancient times,
Genius, in *ours*, is held the worſt of crimes —

At leaſt of Follies. Barren of reward,
All Blockheads ſneer, all Worldlings diſregard:
They taſte no rapture from a nervous line,
But ſcorn the *Flame* that once was call'd *Divine*.

A. The Vulgar may. But Men of Courtly-ſtation
Will ever nurſe what ornaments a Nation.
The Noble always favour'd Bards of note,
Mæcenas patroniz'd what *Horace* wrote:
The good *Agrippa* lov'd him as a Friend,
Nay great *Auguſtus* would himſelf commend:
As all from Prudence ſure will hold it beſt,
To favour thoſe on whom their *Fame* muſt reſt.

B. Your obſervation's right; I think the ſame,
Where *thoſe who govern* mean to merit *Fame*.
But *Miniſters*, alas, of modern days,
Are hunters after *Money*, not of *Praiſe*.
Jobbs, *Loans*, *Expedients*, *Taxes*, *Stocks*, and *Schemes*,
Croud all their waking thoughts, and clothe their dreams.
Secure their *Points*, — they care not who abuſes;
Nor aſk they wreaths or garlands from the Muſes.
While *Engliſh gold* from *France* its *Claret* brings,
Drink thoſe who like 'em of *Caſtalian* Springs.
From *Hell* or *Paris*, let a *Cook* be found
Can in a Dinner ſink *ten thouſand pound*:

Waſte

Waſte fleſh enough to victual out our Navy,
An hundred Hams for half a pint of gravy:
Let Tongues of Carp, and ſhallow Woodcock's brains,
With coſt collected, be diſguis'd with pains:
Ravage the *Earth*, the *Ocean*, and the *Air*,
For all that moſt expenſively is rare:
" With ſuch (*their Lordſhips cry*) let folks but ſee us,
" And ſup who will with *Dido* and *Æneas*.

A. Yet grant that *Science* fails to fix a friend,
Abilities methinks might recommend:
A Man that writes muſt be a Man of ſenſe,
And ſure capacity's the beſt pretence:
Then boldly aſk, and you'll obtain your boon.

B. I have already; but was anſwer'd ſoon,
I muſt produce, if there I hop'd for bounties,
My liſts of *v-t-s* for *B-r---ghs* and for *C----t--s*.
In neither have I any weight, I cry'd;
When, with a ſmile, *Sir Courtly* thus reply'd:
" In dealings here, it is the modern way,
" Juſt ſo much Int'reſt, Sir, for ſo much pay.
" Nor hearts, nor heads are wanted for the times,
" And mighty uſeleſs now we hold your rhymes.
" Influence is all, with nothing leſs amuſe us,
" And 'till you offer that —— you muſt excuſe us.

" But

" But — for methinks I'd gladly be your friend,
" There is a way — which let me recommend.
" Suppoſe for *P——m*, Sir, you make a rout,
" You drink in *B-r---ghs* all the year about;
" There urge affairs with others muſt miſcarry,
" So down with *G——le*, and aloft with *H---r-y*.
" Or elſe, to *ſerve a turn*, or *huſh a Foe*,
" An *Information* — or an *Oath* — or ſo:
" For needful ſervice largely we allow,
" And there's *Sir T——s* will direct you how -----
" The hint is friendly ---- and might I adviſe -----
" The Man is much to blame that will not riſe."
With Indignation ſtruck! I'd nought to ſay,
But ſigh'd, and bluſh'd, and bow'd, ---- and came away.

A. Are ſuch the dirty Offices, that raiſe
The Herd, whoſe ſervices the public pays
Confound their practices -------

B. I ſay ſo too:
But, Sir, we *will* without the pow'r to *do*.
The *N--t--n's* halter'd, and we gall who ſtrive,
'Tis beſt drudge on, ev'n tho' the *D----l* drive.
Thro' thick and thin they gallop, tho', ſo faſt,
Like headlong Riders, they'll be flung at laſt:

Their Necks ſo Jockeys very oft disjoint,
From ſpurring hard, and ſtraining at a *point.*

A. A *Point*, with Courtiers, is the term in vogue,
Points, ſcreen a *Coward*, and protect a *Rogue:*
Points, lump their *Bargains*, where they know their Men,
When *twenty's* paid for what is worth but *ten:*
Yet all's held fair, they well diſcharge their duty,
Who firſt can *make*, and then *divide a booty.*

A *Point* it was, and infamouſly ply'd,
That, *B------d*, lately ſet thy *S--h--me* aſide.
But glory Courtiers curſe thy active Zeal,
Since *L---d---n* crowns the gen'rous flame you feel!
Your *Country* bids — (*of old 'twas Virtue's prize*)
With art enrich'd, the *ſculptor'd Marble* riſe!
Where long, to *Freedom* ſacred, may it ſtand,
And mark you out the *Phocion* of our Land.
There Prudent *Age* ſhall *ponder*, and *admire!*
There ſprightly *Youth* ſhall catch the *Patriot-fire!*
Gaze 'till they *kindle*, pant for *early praiſe!*
And riſe the *B——ds* of ſucceeding days.

But now, returning to my Theme again,
I to the grov'ling Subject ſuit the ſtrain.

It ſeem'd a Maxim of the *blue-badge Knight*
To make a *Point* of doing, all but right.

And who ſucceed, of better cannot crack,
They tread like ſtrings of Aſſes in his track.
Jog on, ye *Jades*, and for no curſes care,
When got to *H-ll*, you'll find your Leader there.
Tho' here no Trophies of renown ye raiſe,
When dead, like him, ſome ſtupid *Quack*'s * *eſſays*
Shall daub ye, like a *plaiſter*, o'er with praiſe.
A fearleſs hand, to work that blund'ring goes,
And like a *Tyburn-Carcaſs* mangles *proſe*,
May cut off putrefaction, bury blame,
Then hang ye up *anatomiz'd* in Fame.

A. I've known the days when *Stateſmen*, better taught
Have Hate an evil, Love a bleſſing thought,
And *Public-praiſe* by *public-Virtues* ſought.
Then friends to noble *Arts* the Great were found,
They cheriſh'd ev'ry riſing *genius* round.
One Table ſaw, in eaſy Freedom, ſit
The *Stateſman*, *Soldier*, *Sage*, *Divine*, and *Wit*:
No guileful gloom, no envy to controul,
But mingling all in one full glow of Soul!
An equal pace while Peace and Virtue kept,
Their Lives were happy, and their Deaths were wept.
Then ev'ry ſmiling Hind content could ſee,
That *Law* and *Government* alike were free.

No

* Alluding to the famous Narrative of a famous Surgeon. ———

No rav'nous hands were ſuffer'd *this* to guide,
Nor *that* was warp'd the Stains of guilt to hide.
No *Wade* or *Kirby* ſcap'd a Coward's fate,
Nor curs'd we guilty *Delegates* too late.
The Virtuous triumph'd, the Corrupted fell,
Each Science flouriſh'd, all affairs went well:
Happy in *Council* then, in *Fight* the ſame;
Our Foes were humbled, and our Arms had Fame:
Locke fixt the rules to judge of Wrong and Right,
While *Newton* pour'd forth more than Mortal light!
Theſe fix our wonder! Theſe demand our praiſe!
The Glories, Theſe, of *Ann*'s and *William*'s days!
And whence thoſe Virtues, that exalted Fire,
But from the flame that nobleſt *Arts* inſpire!
That *Godlike Ardor*, that *extatic Zeal*,
Which *Genius* fans, and *Worth* can only feel.
Hence then, ye favour'd by the ſacred Nine,
Aſſert your rights, and prove your rage divine.

B. Rememb'rance here to noble *Somers* flies,
The *Great*, the *Learn'd*, the *Virtuous*, and the *Wiſe:*
Whoſe Patriot-deeds eternal Honour crown,
While *Freedom* laſts, and *William* wears renown.
His *Zeal*, reſponſive to his Maſter's *ſword*,
Th' invaded rights of *Engliſhmen* reſtor'd:

With careful poliſh ev'ry *Art* improv'd,
Adorn'd and dignify'd the Land he lov'd:
Immortaliz'd the *Wreaths* his Monarch won!
And gave our Iſle its boaſted *Addiſon*.

To equal Honours great *Godolphin* ſprung,
Lov'd by each heart, and prais'd by ev'ry tongue:
Friend to all Worth, and theme of ev'ry pen,
An Unſtain'd *Stateſman*, and the beſt of Men.
In *Anna*'s Councils while the ſway he held,
How ſafe at home, ſucceſsful in the Field,
Was *happy Britain!* Nought but ſmiles were ſeen,
And echo'd *Iös* hail'd a *glorious Queen!*
Arts, *Arms*, and *Honour* ſpread their blaze around,
And ev'ry *Virtue*, ev'ry *Muſe* was crown'd.

The pompous tram of Nobles now ſurvey,
Who live renown'd in many a tuneful Lay.
Good *Dorſet* firſt, whoſe kindred flame inſpir'd,
That gen'rous bounty which the World admir'd:
Next *Halifax*, whoſe various worth to trace,
Reflects freſh Honours on his *Ancient Race*.
Sheffield! who, warm'd with a Poetic Flame,
Ranks with his *Dryden* on the rolls of Fame.
Cobham applauded, *Harcourt* oft would ſmile,
And friend to ev'ry Muſe liv'd *Great Argyle*.—

Roſcommon then in manly Numbers ſung,
And *Lanſdowne* touch'd the Lyre by *Waller* ſtrung:
Both favour'd *Poets*, fought *Parnaſſian* praiſe,
And gloried leſs in *Coronets* than *Bays*.
How *Cowper* lov'd his *Hughes*, who does not know?
How *Parker* cheriſh'd and prefer'd his *Rowe*?
From *Oxford* ev'ry Bard might favour hope,
He patroniz'd his *Swift*, and honour'd *Pope*.
Ev'n *Bolingbroke* (whom many won't admire)
Had ſtill a Poet he eſteem'd in *Prior*.
And, as ſome men of genius *Stanhope* lais'd,
For that, at leaſt, let *Stanhope*'s name be prais'd.
But *W——*, curſe and ſcandal of his Times,
Encourag'd none but inſtruments in crimes.
Far o'er our Iſle he ſtretch'd his guilty Hand,
And with *Corruption* delug'd all the Land.
Corruption rais'd him, kept him at the helm,
With That he ruin'd while he rul'd the realm.
Thence iſſu'd baſeneſs, thence our evils grow,
The *Wrongs* and *Scorn*, the *Guilt* and *Shame* we know.
Genius was ſeen, and *Manly worth*, decay,
Glory was dim'd, and *Virtue* waſh'd away.
Fair-beaming *Honour* fought the realms of light,
Truth flew, —— ev'n *Freedom* took reluctant flight.

Oft reſting on her wings, ſhe ſeem'd to grieve
Her fav'rite People now compell'd to leave:
Still paus'd and ponder'd, 'till from ev'ry tongue
The hateful ſhouts of *Proſtitution* rung;
Silenian Triumphs, Men transform'd to Beaſts,
And loathſome Vapours from *Election-feaſts*,
She *heard*, She *ſaw*, She *ſmelt!* thro' ev'ry ſenſe
The *Goddeſs* ſicken'd from ſome groſs offence:
Then, turning from 'em, o'er her head ſhe threw
Her Azure mantle, and at length withdrew.
When, while our antient, noble Spirit fail'd,
What ſoft emaſculating arts prevail'd!
Peer, *Soldier*, *Senator*, we ſaw, how ſoon!
A *Coachman*, *Fop*, a *Fidler* or *Buffoon*.
On ev'ry Forehead *Folly* fix'd her brand,
While *Rapine* rag'd and *Riot* rul'd the land;
To *Error*, *Frenzy*, *Infamy*, reſign'd,
Evils on evils preſs, and cluſt'ring croud behind.

Yet, from this *Chaos*, this confuſion vaſt,
How bright a Star ſhot forth! — but could not laſt,
In *Talbot*. With a Soul oppreſt with woe,
Thou ſung'ſt him, *Thomſon*, to the ſhades below;
Thy *Patron* He. But all Mankind have claim
To drop a tear, or aid the voice of Fame;

To

To pay a grateful, or a fond regard,
And give unbounded *Virtues* their reward.

Ye little remnant yet that fortune lends,
The Friends of *England*, and the *Muſes'* friends:
Marchmont, whoſe *Virtues* like your *Talents* ſhine,
Mount in a blaze, and half are held *Divine!*
And *You* *, of *kindred blood*, who nobly ſtrive
To keep the glories of your Race alive;
In early Youth who *Patriot-wreaths* purſue,
And honour ev'n the name of *Montagu:*
Illuſtrious † *Boyles*, whoſe monuments of praiſe
The nobleſt *Britiſh* pens have join'd to raiſe:
Warm-hearted *Lyttelton*, Heroic *Pitt*,
And Thou, with knowledge wond'rous as thy Wit,
Immortal Cheſterfield! —— all lend your aid,
To eaſe the load on panting *Honour* laid.
Reſcue the *Arts* from rude *Oppreſſion*'s claws,
Her Harpy-talons wound our *Fame* our *Laws:*
While, trembling, far affrighted *Bleſſings* ſtand,
And eye with fear the Abdicated Land:
Ere gone for ever, with a friendly voice,
Oh! lure 'em back, and ev'ry heart rejoice!

The

* The Earls of *Sandwich* and *Halifax*.

† The Earls of *Burlington* and *Orrery*.

The *Muſes*, *Graces*, *Virtues*, reinſtate,
And ſave your *Britain* from the *Roman* fate.
Here paus'd the *Bard:* — ſoft ſorrow heav'd his breaſt,
His Eyes o'erflow'd, and Anguiſh told the reſt.
I mixt a Tear, a ſympathizing groan,
My Soul was for a Moment not my own:
So loſt in grief, that I regardleſs ſaw
The giddy Triflers from the *Mall* withdraw:
Nor heard the *bell* which ſummons all away,
The *Rich* to *dinner*, and the *Poor* to *pray*.
At length recover'd. " Sir, (*ſaid I*) my board
" A homely meal to Virtue will afford:
" In humble plenty ſince 'tis mine to live,
" Reject not You the welcome that I give:
" There, 'till your worth may better recommend,
" Accept the open freedom of a Friend."
He bluſh'd, and hung with modeſty his head,
When from the *Park*, the way I homeward led.

End of the Firſt Part.

N. B. Speedily will be publiſh'd the Second, or concluding Part of this Poem.

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